

# THE McLEAN NEWS

Volume XXII.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, July 23, 1925.

No. 30.

## W. T. C. of C. Officials Will Visit McLean

Col. R. Q. Lee, president; and Porter A. Whaley, manager of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce will be in McLean from 11:30 a. m. to 2 p. m. Thursday, August 6th, when it is planned to have a luncheon in honor of the visitors which business men and farmers will be invited to hear the various speakers who will be present.

Col. Lee is one of the State's biggest business men, being president of a railroad, head of a bank and owner of one of the largest poultry farms in the state. He is organizer of a poultry association whose members are getting right now \$10.50 per case for their eggs. He has had 34 years experience as a farmer and ranchman in West Texas and knows from experience the value of diversified farming. His message will be of especial interest to farmers.

Besides Col. and Mrs. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Whaley, there will be a representative of the Associated Press, other live newspaper men, including Henry A. Ansley and wife of the Amarillo Globe, and others of the party.

## BEES SWARM FOR COUNTY AGENT

County Agent P. E. McMeans brought a hive of bees to McLean as an experiment and had been watching them closely for a new swarm, but they got away from him last week. However, they were soon found at the Overton place, where the old hive originally stood.

## PROSPEROUS BEGGARS OPERATE IN QUANAH

The town people were brought to the doors of their business places Thursday by two blind men talking up and down the street begging. Nine out of ten people these afflicted people met made a donation. Their stay in town was only a few hours, but during that time they were well rewarded. Leaving town, these men went out in a Ford touring car and an overland touring car and had their baggage in a Ford truck. Everything they owned was in first class condition and they were prosperous looking. The case was that the beggars had a larger bank account than the big majority of the men who contributed to the objects of charity.—Quanah Tribune

T. J. Dixon and Miss Edna Mills Throckmorton visited the lady's mother, Mrs. Jno. E. Vannoy, Sunday and Monday. They were accompanied home by Mrs. Dixon and little daughter, who have been here a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sims and family returned Sunday from a visit with relatives at Tulsa.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Kirby and daughter, little Miss Leta, left Tuesday for Searcy, Ark., to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris King spent Sunday with relatives in Oklahoma.

O. T. Lindsey is a new reader of The News.

Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Coffey, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Lander were Amador visitors Sunday.

Mrs. A. Stanfield and daughter, little Miss Lola Ruth, are visiting Groom.

## Putting on a New Edge



## Satterwhite Speaker Willis Toastmaster C. of C. Banquet

Hon. Lee Satterwhite, speaker of the House of Representatives and editor of the Panhandle Herald, will speak at the Chamber of Commerce banquet next Thursday evening, and Attorney Newton P. Willis of Canadian will preside as toastmaster for the occasion.

New chairs have been ordered to seat the Chamber of Commerce building, where the affair will be held, and the banquet arrangements have all been made, insuring a good feed with plenty of entertainment features.

## MEAT MARKET WILL CLOSE SUNDAYS AT 8 O'CLOCK MORNINGS

The City Market will close at 8 o'clock Sunday mornings in order that they may have a day of rest in common with other people.

## Holmes-Morse Well Now Drilling with Own Oil as Fuel

The Holmes-Morse No. 2 oil well is now setting 6-inch casing through a cave-in and using oil from the well for fuel.

## GENERAL RAIN TUESDAY

A general rain fell Tuesday that seems to have reached all over the northern Panhandle.

Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Savage and son and daughter, Chester and little Miss Venita, left Wednesday for an extended trip to Florida.

D. M. Davis left Tuesday for Rossmore to be at the bedside of his father.

## Farmers' Gin Now Seems Assured for This Season's Crop

A farmers' co-operative cotton gin for McLean this fall now seems to be a possibility, was the opinion of a number of interested citizens who met at the city tabernacle Tuesday afternoon to discuss the needs of a third gin.

This meeting was called for Monday night, and quite a few men met at the News office after the revival services, but on account of so few farmers being present, the meeting was adjourned to meet Tuesday.

A number of talks were made in regard to the desirability of a farmers' gin here, both from the standpoint of the farmer and the business men of the town. One speaker stated that he had had quite a bit of experience in gins of this character and that McLean is the first town he has known where there is no opposition of any kind among the business men.

Over half the amount of money needed to install the gin has been subscribed and several present volunteered to help work on the proposition and try to get it over in the next few days.

## LYNCH DAVIDSON THANKS THE NEWS

Houston, Texas, July 17, 1925. McLean News, McLean, Texas. Gentlemen: Permit me to thank you very much indeed for the brief item in your paper in which you compliment me by saying that you still believe I would make a good governor.

I want to thank you for your splendid support in the last campaign and also for the implied statement in your columns that I could have your support in the coming campaign. This is very gratifying news and it perhaps will interest you to know that I have had similar commitments from more than 150 weekly newspapers in Texas.

Since T. W. Davidson's withdrawal I have also received many hundreds of voluntary letters from individuals over the state pledging their support in the coming campaign.

Altogether the situation looks splendid and I want your counsel and advice from time to time in the conduct of the campaign.

With best regards, I am, Sincerely yours, LYNCH DAVIDSON.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Harlan and children and Mrs. Martin of White Deer visited Mrs. J. W. Kibler Monday.

## Methodist-Presby't'n Revival Grows in Interest Daily

The Methodist-Presbyterian revival is growing in interest since the beginning last Sunday morning.

On account of the failure of Dr. Joiner of Gainesville to arrive in time for the first day's services Pastor J. L. Joyner of the Presbyterian church conducted the services at the morning hour Sunday and Pastor J. G. Thomas of the Methodist church Sunday evening.

Dr. Joiner took charge of the services Monday evening and has been delighting his audience with his addresses since. The sermons contain the plain gospel message that never grows old.

Prof. and Mrs. Frazer were here for the opening service and are directing the music in a very acceptable manner. Mrs. Frazer presides at the piano and directs the orchestra and Prof. Frazer leads the congregational singing. Perhaps the most pleasing part of the song service is the duets rendered by these people. They are also doing special work with the children each afternoon.

The services will continue thru all next week; morning services from 10 to 11 a. m., and evening services beginning at 8 p. m.

## New School to Be Built on Stokely Lands This Term

A new school district has been organized on the O. G. Stokely lands, near the center of the five-section pasture of the Y O U ranch, which lies north of the Enterprise school in Collingsworth county and embraces part of the Skillet school district in Donley county.

The newly elected trustees, G. M. Connell, John C. Bible and L. G. Waidrop, accompanied by County Superintendent Winn of Collingsworth county, were in McLean today planning the building of the school house.

The new building will be of concrete block construction with composition roof, fully modern in every respect. State aid has been granted and the building will be ready for the coming term.

The establishing of this school means much to the community affected, as many children have been unable to attend school and others have been forced to move in order to enjoy school advantages.

D. A. Davis visited his father at Hedley the first of the week.

Mrs. J. W. Burks and sons returned Sunday from Memphis.

R. W. Crisp of Alanreed was in McLean Monday.

## Fats and Leans Ball Teams Cross Bats Friday Afternoon

The "Fats and Leans" baseball game scheduled for the benefit of the McLean Chamber of Commerce will be played on the local diamond Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

As no practice has been allowed before the game, there should be interesting plays made.

It is expected that all stores will close for the game, and as all proceeds will go to the Chamber of Commerce, there should be a big crowd present.

The line-up follows:  
"Fats":  
"Waistline" Fields Captain  
"Hushmouth" Seifres p  
"Rough on the Pigtail" Back c  
"Well-digging" Litchfield p  
"Baldy" Back ss  
"Cherrytree" George 1b  
"Hog King" Cooke 2b  
"Shorty" Eastelling 3b  
"California" Rogers rf  
"Gasoline" Rogers lf  
"Mr." McAdams cf  
Special relief for "Fats":  
Tom Phillips  
Tom Holloway  
Smiley Prock  
Kid McCoy  
Virgil Jordan  
Claude Stokes  
A. L. Hibber  
F. Longan

J. A. Meador  
E. E. Shell  
M. D. Bentley  
Arthur Erwin  
Wood Hindman  
Frank Howard  
Herman Lee  
Paul McMeans  
Clayborn Cash  
D. N. Massay  
O. G. Stokely  
Porter Smith  
J. S. Searcy  
O. K. Murphree  
W. D. Wilkes  
Clay Thompson  
Cub Bogan

"Leans":  
"Highpockets" Beall Captain  
"Mask Rack" Landers c  
"Corkscrew" Rippy p  
"You Are Out" Cubine 1b  
"Listing Machine" Haynes 2b  
"Grandstand" Bourland 3b  
"Hotground" Rice ss  
"Skyline" Brewer lf  
"Economic Transportation" Henry cf

"Highly" Everett rf  
Special relief for "Leans":  
W. E. Clement  
Sam Hodges  
T. A. Landers  
W. S. White  
J. A. Sparks  
Chester Lander  
Luther Coffey  
Raymond Howard  
T. J. Coffey  
Al Strandberg  
Hansberger Alva  
Enoch Bentley  
Ed Lander  
W. T. Wilson  
Roy Campbell  
John Mertel

## SIX O'CLOCK DINNER GIVEN IN HONOR OF MR. COUSINS' BIRTHDAY

A six o'clock dinner was given at the S. A. Cousins home Tuesday, the occasion being in honor of Mr. Cousins' seventy-fifth birthday.

All the children and grandchildren were present, with the exception of one, and after the feast of good things to eat was enjoyed, two little granddaughters presented the gifts to Mr. Cousins.

Among those present, other than immediate relatives, were Messrs. Cook and T. A. Landers; Mrs. A. A. Christian and Grandma Rogers.

## ALVIN DOUGHERTY DIED TUESDAY

Alvin Dougherty, 14 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dougherty of Hedley, died Tuesday, following an operation for appendicitis.

Funeral services were held this afternoon at the home. Interment at Hillcrest cemetery.

The deceased took sick last Friday and on Monday an operation was decided upon, but it was too late to save life.

## Dwight Upham visited friends at Canyon Sunday and Monday

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## McLEAN FAIR TO BE HELD OCTOBER 2 & 3

The McLean fall fair will be held this year on October 2nd and 3rd, according to a decision reached by the executive board of the Chamber of Commerce yesterday. These dates, coming just between the dates for the Tri-State fair at Amarillo and the Dallas fair, will allow time to prepare exhibits for these fairs without conflicting with our own.

The catalog committee is at work, and catalogs should be ready for the printer in about two weeks.

Community exhibits will be featured at the McLean fair, and meetings are contemplated in various communities to create interest in community exhibits.

It is understood that this will be the only fair in Gray county this year, and with proper cooperation, it should be the best one yet held here.

## GARDEN CONTEST FOR HASTINGS PRIZE IS JUDGED WEDNESDAY

The spring garden contest for the Hastings prize open to all women's clubs carrying on work under the direction of County Home Demonstration Agents in the state was held in McLean Wednesday.

This contest was entered by the Home Economics Club of McLean, consisting of forty members, 95% of which have gardens. The club exhibit was placed on a table, something after the fashion of fair exhibits, and a judging committee awarded points based on quality, production, use and individual reports.

The quality of the garden products shown was practically perfect, but the total score was not as large as it could have been, on account of failure of many of the club members to fill out the stated reports of their efforts.

Another such contest will be held for fall gardens.

## OSCAR REIMER FALLS FROM WINDMILL TOWER SUFFERS BROKEN LEG

Oscar Reimer fell from a lead pipe, the injury, while painful, is not dangerous, and is doing as well as could be expected.

## CLARENCE GRAY BACK IN TAILOR SHOP

Clarence Gray is back in charge of the City Tailor Shop this week and will be glad to meet his old friends and make new ones.

## SHAMROCK OFFICIALS GIVE ULTIMATUM REGARDING DOGS RUNNING LOOSE

"Every owner of a dog will be required to keep the same confined until further notice," was the warning given dog owners by Shamrock city officials Monday.

This step was prompted by a telegram received from Austin Sunday by City Marshal W. E. Taylor with regard to the head of a dog sent in for examination. The message contained the information that positive evidence of rabies had been found in the dog's brain.

The animal referred to was a valuable bird dog belonging to Ben Wooten. It was found straying in the south part of town the latter part of last week and was taken up because of its peculiar actions. A local veterinarian was of the opinion that the dog was affected with rabies. The dog died a short time later and the head was sent to Austin for examination. The report confirmed the veterinarian's diagnosis.

Marshal Taylor states that all dogs found running at large will be taken up and held for three days, after which they will be killed unless claimed by their owners.—Wheeler County Texan.

# Nameless River

By VINGIE E. ROE

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**CHAPTER I**—Kate Cathrew, "Cattle Kate," owner of the Sky Line ranch on her way to McKane's store at Cordova, seemingly infuriated by the sight of a girl plowing in a valley below, places a rifle bullet near the horse's feet. The girl takes no notice.

**CHAPTER II**—Nance Allison, the girl on whom Kate Cathrew had vented her spite, is with her widowed mother and crippled brother Bud farming land taken up by her father, killed a short time before in a mysterious accident. Bud is the victim of a deliberate attempt to maim or kill him. Kate Cathrew wants the farm for pasture land, and is trying to frighten the Allisons into leaving.

**CHAPTER III**—Big Basford, Sky Line rider, desperately in love with Kate, picks a quarrel with a fellow rider, Rod Stone. Kate, to part them, lashes Basford across the face with a quirt.

**CHAPTER IV**—Nance discovers in a cave a dog, evidently guarding a child. She tries in vain to overcome the dog's hostility and goes home mystified.

**CHAPTER V**—Next day Nance returns to the cave with food and makes friends with the dog, and the small boy, Sonny. He tells her "Brand" takes care of him and "Dirk," the colt. Nance promises him to return next day with more "goodies."

**CHAPTER VI**—Selwood is certain Kate Cathrew is the head of a "cattle rustling" gang, with Lawrence Arnold, her partner, who rarely visits the ranch. Minnie Fine, hairdresser at the Sky Line ranch, is in love with Rod Stone.

**CHAPTER VII**—Ranchers complain of the stealing of their cattle and blame Sheriff Selwood for his seeming inactivity.

**CHAPTER VIII**—Nance, visiting Sonny and Dirk in the cave, is warmly impressed. He tells her his name is Fair, which is also Sonny's, and obtains her promise to keep their presence a secret.

**CHAPTER IX**—Nance becomes keenly interested in Brand Fair. The girl is relying on a field of corn to pay off debts she owes McKane.

**CHAPTER X**—Fair sees Sud Provine, one of the Sky Line ranch riders, in Blue Stone canyon, and tells Nance he and Sonny must move at once. The girl begs him to leave the boy with her, and he consents.

**CHAPTER XI**—A few nights later cattle are turned into Nance's cornfield and the crop destroyed. The Allisons realize the destruction is the work of Kate Cathrew.

**CHAPTER XII**—Nance tells McKane of the disaster and her consequent inability to pay her debt to him. She meets Kate Cathrew and humiliate her. Kate attempts to shoot her, but Selwood intervenes.

**CHAPTER XIII**—Fair visits the Allison home and is warmly welcomed. He tells Nance he is on Kate Cathrew's trail for various reasons. While they are talking, by a lighted window, Nance is wounded in the arm by a rifle shot fired with deadly intent.

**CHAPTER XIV**—A prospector, "John Smith," really Brand Fair, shows Sheriff Selwood the entrance to a passage in the hills through which Kate Cathrew and her riders drive the stolen cattle.

**CHAPTER XV**—The Sky Line riders raid Bossick's ranch, driving off seventy-one head of cattle. Sheriff Selwood on the watch since his talk with Fair, joins the thieves without being detected, getting all needed evidence to convict Kate Cathrew and her followers. His horse betrays him and he is shot and desperately wounded, but reaches McKane's store before he loses consciousness. The rustlers believe him dead.

Nance Cathrew was gathering beef. Riders were coming in daily with little bunches of cattle, all in good condition, which they herded into the corrals.

Day and night the air was resonant with the endless bawling. It was a little early for the drive—but then Cattle Kate was always early. And this year she had a particular reason for precipitancy. One of those New York letters had said, "would like to come a little sooner, if possible, so let's clean up promptly."

The word of those letters was law to her. If they had said "ship" in December, she would have tried to do so.

Now she was out on Bluefire from dawn to dark herself, and there was little or nothing escaped her eyes. She knew to a nicety how many yearlings were on the slopes of Mystery, the number of weaning calves, the steers that were ready for shipping and those that were not.

When Provine carried her Bossick's message verbatim the red flush of anger rose in her face again, and she struck the stallion a vicious cut with her quirt.

Bluefire rose on his hind legs, pawing, and shook his head in rage, the wild blood struggling with the tame in him.

"If Bossick ever speaks to you again," said Kate, "you tell him to go to h—, and that Kate Cathrew said so."

"I did," said Basford, grinning, "and Sud objected."

"Where's your allegiance to Sky Line?" she asked Provine instantly, "must Basford show you loyalty?"

"I can show him discretion," said Provine, evenly, "an' hif don't take much brains to see that. Do you want those ranchers t' begin ridin' land on us—sights, for instance, an' now?"

Kate frowned and tapped her foot. "The devil his due," she said presently, "you're right, Provine," and

turned away. The corrals were choked with cattle. Sky Line was ready for its drive. On the last night before the start there was a peculiar tenseness in everything about the busy place. Kate Cathrew was everywhere. She saw what horses were ready for use, spoke sharply with every rider to make sure he knew what he was to do, and told Rod Stone once more to get out of the kitchen.

The boy laughed, but Minnie Fine glanced after her with smouldering eyes.

"She's a devil—the boss," she told Josef, "I hate her."

After the early supper Caldwell, Provine, Basford and four others saddled fresh horses and rode away. It was dark of the moon—as it was always when Sky Line gathered beef—a soft windy dark, ideal for the concealment of rides, the disguising of sounds.

They dropped down the mountain at an angle, heading northwest to circle the end of Mystery, and they followed no trail.

They were all armed and all wore dark clothing.

Caldwell, leading, kept well up on the slope above the river and after two hours' hard going they were well around the northwest end of Mystery ridge which flared like a lady's old-fashioned skirt, and heading down into the glades that broke the jumbled ridges of the Upper country.

Here Bossick, a rich man, ran his cattle and had his holdings. His ranch lay well back from the river and up, but his stock ranged down. That was why it had been easy prey for the mysterious rustlers of Nameless river.

These men did not talk. They rode with a purpose and they were alert to every sound, their nerves were taut as fiddle strings.

As they trotted up the glade the little wind that drew from the canyon at its head brought the scent of cattle, and presently they came upon a horse and rider standing like a statue in the shadows.

Caldwell drew rein sharply.

"Dickson?" he asked in a low voice, "O. K." came the answer as the other moved forward to join them.

"Seventy-one head," he said quietly, "and all ready."

"Then let's get busy," said the foreman, "and get out of here."

With prearranged and concerted action the seven men divided and circled the herd which was bedded and quiet. On the further edge they were joined by another shadowy rider, and with silence and dispatch they got the cattle up and moving.

They made little noise, drifting down the level floor of the glade in a close-packed bunch. At its mouth they headed south along the shore of the river and followed along the stream for a matter of several miles. Where the western end of Mystery turned, Nameless curved and went down along the ridge's foot in a wide and placid flow. It was here that the drivers forced the cattle to the water and kept them in it, riding in a string along the edge. This was particular work and took finesse and dispatch.

This was the trick which had baffled cattlemen, and it was both easy and clever, comparatively.

And so Bossick's seventy-one head of steers were disappearing and there was none to see.

That is, at this stage of the proceedings.

There was one to see—one who had spent many weary weeks of night riding, of patient watching which had seemed likely to be unrewarded—Sheriff Price Selwood sitting high on the slope above Kate Cathrew's trail, as he had so often, doggedly following his "hunch" and the prospector John Smith's discovery.

Since that ride up Blue Stone canyon he had taken turns with Smith in picketing Cattle Kate's outfit, but nothing untoward had taken place.

Now he sat in tedious silence, listening to the night sounds, unaware that any one was out from Sky Line, since Caldwell and his companions had dropped diagonally down the slope in their going, passing far above him.

For an hour he sat, slouching sideways in his saddle, his hat pulled over his eyes. The bay horse stood in hip-dropped rest, drowsing comfortably.

It was well after midnight, judging by the stars in the sky, when Selwood suddenly held the breath he was drawing into his lungs.

He had heard a cattle-brute bawl. For a moment he was still as death. Then he straightened up, every nerve taut.

He heard the sounds of cattle, the crack of whips, the unmistakable com-

motion of moving bodies. As it all came nearer below him he caught the swish and splash of water, and knew he was at last witnessing a raid of rustlers, one of the mysterious "disappearances" which had puzzled all the Deep Heart country for so long.

He wished fervently that Smith were with him—that Bossick and Jermy and all the rest were there.

His heart was beating hard and to save his life he could not help the excitement which took hold upon him.

And presently he heard, directly beneath him where Kate Cathrew's trail crossed Nameless, the trample and crack of myriad hoofs taking to the rocky slope. The riders were turning the steers up toward Sky Line ranch!

But what could they do with them there?

Where could they hide them? Sheriff Selwood had food for thought but little time to use it. He had only time for decision, and for the action which was to follow swiftly



He Had Heard a Cattle-Brute Bawl on that decision.

As the cattle came up the slope, pushed by the many horsemen who completely encircled them, they left a broad trail, their tracks all going upward—all this passed through his racing mind.

What was to prevent him or any one else from riding straight up to their destination by broad daylight?

And then on the heels of this question came like a flash of light on a dark curtain that old coincidence in time!

When that 90 head had vanished Kate Cathrew had been driving down—driving down from Sky Line—300 head of her own stock, all open and above board, properly branded clear and fair!

Three hundred head of steers whose mottling hoofs, going down, would trample out all trace of 90 going up!

The sheriff's eyes were gleaming in the dark, his lips were a tight line of determination.

He was beginning to get hold of the mystery with a vengeance.

He thought of the windy passage that opened into Blue Stone canyon. If he could only find its head he would, as Smith had said, have solved the problem. And unless he missed his guess by a thousand miles, those steers streaming past him at the moment were headed for it now!

Here was the chance to nail her crimes on Cattle Kate Cathrew, to make the "killing" of his years of failure in office—and Sheriff Price Selwood, brave man and honest officer of the law, took his life in his hand again, and fell in beside the herd.

Dark, quiet, shadowy—he was a rider among the riders, to all intents and purposes one of Kate Cathrew's men—and he was helping to drive Bossick's steers up to the foot of Rainbow cliff!

From the few low-toned shouts and oaths he was able to identify the two men nearest him as Sud Provine and Caldwell, the foreman.

He thanked his stars for his own dark horse, his inconspicuous clothing. The herd was headed straight for the face of the cliff, and he expected soon to see the riders swing them east toward the corrals of Sky Line, but they did not do so. When the foremost steers were close under the wall Caldwell rode near and called to him, thinking him one of his men:

"Get around to the right," he said, "and keep close to Sud, Bill. I'll lead in myself. Take it slow. Don't want 'em to jam in the neck. When the first ones start behind the Flange let 'em dribble in on their own time. All ready!"

The last two words were a high call addressed to all the men. From all sides of the herd, come to a full stop now, came replies and Selwood saw Caldwell ride away around to the right.

Turning his horse the sheriff followed promptly.

He was tense as a wire, alert, dreading discovery every moment, yet filled with excitement which sent the blood pounding in his ears.

As he neared the face of the precipice on the right, he saw Provine sitting on his horse, saw Caldwell circle in to the wall and cutting in before the massed cattle, go straight along its length. The faint starlight was just sufficient to show up bulk and movement, not detail. He heard the foreman begin to call "Coo—coo—coo—coo—coo"—and the next moment he could not believe his eyes, for horse and rider melted headfirst into the face of Rainbow cliff, as a knife slices into a surface and disappears! Caldwell's voice came from the heart of the wall, far away and muffled, calling "Coo—coo—coo"—Provine edged in against the steers, shouting, though he did not speak, and the dark blot of the mass began to flow into the solid rock of the spine that crowned Mystery ridge!

Sheriff Selwood had solved the mystery of the disappearing steers—knew to a certainty who were the rustlers of Nameless river—and he could not get away with his knowledge quickly enough.

Therefore he reined his horse away to the left, dropped back along the herd, edged off a bit—a bit more—slid into a shadow—slipped behind the pine that made it—and putting the bay to a sharp walk, went down the mountain.

As the sounds behind him lessened he drew a good breath and struck a spur to his horse's flank.

And right then, when there was most need, the good bay who had served him so long and faithfully, be-

trayed him. He threw up his head, flung around toward the strange horses he was leaving, and neighed—a sharp, shrill sound that carried up the slope like a bugle.

At the mouth of the Flange Big Basford stopped.

His own mount answered. Once more came that challenge from below and Sud Provine came back out of the hidden passage on the jump.

"G—d—n!" he shouted, "that ain't a Sky Line horse! Boys—we're caught! Come quick!"

Selwood, far down the trail, knew with a surge of rage that the game was up and that he was in for it. He knew in the same second, however, that his own horse was fresh, while those others from Sky Line were not.

He had a fair start and meant to make the most of it.

And he knew his horse. It was dangerous work taking the slope of Mystery at a run, but there was danger behind and he chose the lesser evil.

As if to make up for its defection the lean bay stretched and doubled like a greyhound and Selwood leaned low on its neck as best he could for the pitch—for he was listening for lead.

He knew he was out of six-gun range, but he knew also that Sud Provine carried a rifle always on his saddle.

The roar of horses running under difficulty—leaping, stiff-legged, sliding here and there—came down like an avalanche of sound, but there were no voices mingled with it. The Sky Line men were riding in a silence so grim that it sent a chill to Selwood's heart. They meant death—and were avid for it.

The trees salled by against the stars, rushing up from the dim darkness below to disappear into it above, and the wind sang in his ears like a harp.

It seemed incredible that the tediously climbed slope could be so quickly descended—for he saw the thickening shadows of the mountain's foot racing up toward him, the pale gleam of water beyond which meant the river. And then he heard what he had been dreading—the snap of a rifle, the whine of a ball. Sky Line, giving up capture, was trying for destruction.

It was Provine he felt sure who held the gun. He dug in his spurs cruelly and the bay responded with a surge of speed which seemed certain death, but kept its feet miraculously. Once more came the snap and whine—again and again—and again—as fast as the man behind it could pump the rifle.

And then, just as the bay struck the waters of Nameless with a leap and a roar, it seemed to Selwood that the heavens opened up, that all the fire in the universe flamed in his brain.

He swung far out to the left a terrible lever of weight to the gallant animal floundering beneath him, and made the supreme physical effort of his life to get back into his saddle. His fingers dug into the wet mane like talons, he clawed desperately with his right heel and felt the spur hook.

For what reason he could not have said, he opened his mouth and screamed—a hoarse, wild sound, like the soul's farewell to its flesh. Perhaps he thought it was

(Continued next week)

### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

I will begin teaching the violin September 7th in the school building. All that wish to study the violin please enroll by the 15th of August. 30-3c

J. M. MANIRE.

### SENIOR B. Y. P. U.

Subject—Preparing for Service. Introduction by lecturer—Wilma Grigsby. Part 1—Vivian Landers. Part 2—Eunice Stratton. Part 3—Arle Grigsby. Part 4—Eunice Grigsby. Part 5—Merle Floyd. Part 6—Leader.

### GOSPEL FISHERS UNION

Subject—Climbing the Ladder. Group No. 1 in charge. Leader—Vida Colebank. Scripture reading—Elizabeth Wilkerson. Our Daily Bible Readings—Marie Browning. Our Ladder—Lloyd Hunt. Sword Drill—Merle Young. Giving—Other Pearce. Closing prayer.

Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. tfe

### CHURCH ADVERTISING

That the church cannot survive on the strength of its message alone, is the gist of a statement made by Dr. Clyde E. Boyer, pastor of the First Methodist church of Ingewood, Calif., at a recent prayer meeting service.

Dr. Boyer believes that the church must advertise or suffer the fate of commercial or industrial enterprises which have failed because they have advertised too little, unwisely, or not at all.

"Boost your church; boost your pastor. If you can't, then by all means get a new pastor or go to another church," said Dr. Boyer. "Church advertising in the newspapers is as much a necessity as is the voice of the pastor."—Am-arillo Daily News.

Buy your unruled notebook paper at the News office.

### REAL DRAY SERVICE

We excel in service because we have more experience and better equipment, so our customers say.

Kunkel Bros.

### KNOCKERS

By gathering much data as comparisons of nation-wide statistics of the National and State Press Associations, the bird prey, who is known as a "knocker" of the local newspaper, is found to be of the genus of "deadbeat," most cases; in some others, the party wishes to have the "free;" others are well-known "advertising space grafters," their "knocking" the public to know them, brand them.—Cape Lake (N. Y.) Herald.

### INSURANCE

LIFE FIRE MAR. I represent some of the strongest companies in the world. I insure anything. No prohibited list. Money to loan on farms. Reliable Insurance

T. N. HOLLOWAY

Reliable Insurance

### Ora Oliver Gooch

Graduate Optometrist. Glasses Correctly Fitted. All work first class and guaranteed.

First National Bank Building. Shamrock, Texas

### YOUR NEW SUIT

We have just received a new line of samples for men's fall and winter suits. All wool, tailored to your measure, for only \$25.00. Ask to see them.

City Tailor Shop. Clarence Gray, Prop.

### INSURANCE

Fire, Hail, Tornado. Health, Accident. You are fully protected when insured in the strong companies we represent.

Haynes & Ledbetter. Office Theatre Building



### Off The Beaten Path

The real charm of touring lies in leaving the main-travelled highways and exploring the thousands of alluring side-paths. These dirt roads and trails lead to spots of rare beauty unvisited by the throng—where better camp-sites may be found—finer fishing and lovelier scenery. In a Ford car, you can enjoy the thrill of exploration and discovery. It is the one satisfactory means of travel for these narrow roads—light—yet so powerful that it will bring you through—easy to handle—sturdy and economical. It will carry the whole family and the saving in cost often pays for the entire vacation.



Runabout - \$260 Tudor Sedan - \$800. Coupe - \$20 Fordor Sedan - \$600. On open cars demountable rims and starter are \$25 extra. Full size balloons tires \$25 extra. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

SEE ANY AUTHORIZED FORD DEALER OR MAIL THIS COUPON

Touring Car \$290. Please tell me how I can secure a Ford Car on easy payments. Name, Address, City. Mail this coupon to Ford Motor Company.

**News from Back**

By Special Correspondent.  
 (Chas. Back and daughter, Miss Lelia, were Shamrock visitors last Saturday.  
 Mrs. C. M. Carpenter and children visited Mrs. D. M. Graham and children at McLean Saturday. Jesse Cobb was buying supplies in McLean Saturday.  
 Bud Back was a McLean visitor Saturday.  
 Clyde and Buddie Holloway were visiting with the boys in McLean Saturday.  
 Clyde and Buddie Holloway, Lawrence Watson, Misses Lelia and Beatrice Back attended a party in the Gracey community Saturday night.  
 Jesse Roberts of Mobeetie spent Saturday night and Sunday in our community.  
 Mrs. W. L. Bacon and children visited in the Stanton home Sunday.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bidwell went to Shamrock Monday to be at the bedside of Mrs. Bidwell's brother, who died Tuesday, following an operation for appendicitis.  
 Chas. Back left Monday for Tipton, Okla., to get the little Watson children, who will visit with relatives here for several weeks.  
 Wesley Colebank and family arrived Tuesday for a visit with his sister, Mrs. Bud Back, and family.  
 Miss Seelbach met with the club girls Wednesday morning.  
 Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Holloway and daughter, Miss Gladys, of Liberty visited in the Clyde Holloway home Tuesday.

**News from Liberty**

By Special Correspondent.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hardin and children went to Clarendon Saturday to visit relatives.  
 Misses Opal and Levie Nelson were Clarendon visitors Saturday.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Stokes, Mr. and Ms. Leo Irvin called at the Luther Petty home Sunday.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bell and children went to Wellington Sunday.  
 Jim Sanders visited in the Frank Bell home Tuesday.  
 Paul Huff of Paducah visited his cousin, Luther Petty, recently.  
 Robert Francis and son, Ralph, of Perryton brought Mrs. C. E. Francis home Tuesday. She will remain at home for the present, while Mr. Francis is staying in the Robert Francis home.  
 S. A. Cobb, J. F. Corbin and family of McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Kid McCoy of Heald called at the Luther Petty home Sunday afternoon.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Messer visited near Wheeler Saturday and Sunday.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Myatt and children visited in the A. L. Morgan home Sunday afternoon.  
 Mrs. Pearl Hardin and children visited in the A. L. Morgan home Tuesday.  
 Eric Cobb filled his regular appointment here Sunday.  
 L. O. Floyd and daughter, Mrs. Maude Piersall, and Mrs. Laura Stratton made a business trip to Shamrock today.  
 Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Franklin of Crowell are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Franklin.  
 Little Miss Aeline Christian returned to her home at Amarillo Tuesday after an extended visit with relatives here.  
 Miss Lillian Abbott returned the first of the week from Canyon.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Pool of Hamilton are visiting their daughter, Mrs. L. F. Coffey.  
 Neal Bowen of Texola, Okla., was a McLean visitor Saturday night and Sunday.  
 Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Rogers were Shamrock visitors Sunday.  
 Ed Swafford of Childress spent the week end with home folks here.  
 Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Hedrick of Alanreed were McLean visitors Sunday.  
 Sam Brown of Alanreed was a McLean visitor Wednesday.  
 Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. tfc

C. P. J. Overton, who recently moved to Sudan, writes to have his name put on our honor roll and says he likes that country fine. Everybody attends church there, including himself. They miss our fruit crop, as all the orchards there are too young to produce as yet.

Frank Bailey visited his brother in an Amarillo sanitarium Saturday.

Miss Eula Nell Seelbach was over from Pampa this week.

Fred and Misses Mildred and Floye Landers attended the Pentecostal Baptist Assembly at Ceta Canyon, twenty miles east of Canyon City, Sunday and Monday.

Miss Lettie Bogan of Pueblo, Colo., is visiting in the Morse and Bogan homes.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Phillips and family of Weatherford came in Saturday to visit the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Phillips.

Miss Vina Stratton returned Monday from a visit with friends at Erick, Okla.

Mrs. Vida Johnson of Perrin is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Enoch Bentley.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Cook and daughter, Miss Ruby, have returned from a trip to Oklahoma and Arkansas. Mr. Cook says they had a most enjoyable trip, the only car trouble being one puncture on the 1400 mile run.

D. N. Massay returned Monday from a trip to northern Colorado. Mr. Massay reports wonderful mountain scenery, but found crops suffering from drought.

Miss Agnes Abbott came in Friday from Los Angeles, Calif., to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Abbott.

Floyd Phillips left Friday for Weatherford, Dallas and El Paso on a visit.

Miss Ethel Close of Shamrock visited friends here Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Terry Hodgins of Erick, Okla., were McLean visitors Sunday.

**Wants**

YOU CAN buy the best typewriter oil at the News office.  
 FOR SALE, trade or rent, house and lots on N. Main st., McLean. One room house, two lots. A. C. Donnell, Mobeetie, Texas. 28-4p  
 GROCERIES ARE cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. tfc  
 STORAGE.—Clean dry storage under daily supervision. Inquire at News office.  
 MILK! MILK! MILK! The best grade of Jersey milk delivered anywhere in town. A. L. Hibler. Phone 61. tfc  
 THESE little ads bring results. Try one. 25 words for 25c.  
 TO MAIL your parcel post packages, they must be properly tagged. You can get printed tags in any amount at the News office.  
 GARBAGE and trash hauled from any part of the city at reasonable rates. Phone 40, 2. Frank Haynes.  
 RUBBER STAMPS. Order rubber stamps, daters, etc., at the News office. Prompt service and the best of work.  
 FOR SALE—Disc harrow, double disc plow, harrow, wagon, and several other farming tools; also good milch cow six years old. C. H. Rowe. Phone 138. 1p  
 FOR SALE—Three lots between Coffey's residence and lumber yard. Price \$400. Purchaser pays for the walk. See Sam Hodges. 1p

**Hall's Catarrh Medicine** is a Combined Treatment, both local and internal, and has been successful in the treatment of Catarrh for over forty years. Sold by all druggists. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

**THE HEALTH-COST OF THE TOBACCO HABIT**

It just happens that only yesterday I talked with two of the foremost medical authorities in the Southern States. One of them is the medical director of what I believe is the greatest life insurance company in the South. The other man is a health officer whose work has given him a national reputation.

What the medical director had to say about tobacco came up quite accidentally and unexpectedly and impressed me all the more for that reason. We were not talking about tobacco at all, but I simply put to him a question previously put to me by a friend as we had read the account of Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall's sudden death:

"Why is it that while we read in the papers almost every day of some man suddenly dropping dead, we very rarely hear of a woman dying suddenly in this fashion?"

The statement is a correct one so far as my observation goes, and so I simply put it up to this famous doctor to give me an explanation.

"In my opinion," he said, "the answer is largely found in the widespread and often excessive use of tobacco by men. A hardening of the arteries is generally found to precede these sudden deaths

that we read about, and the tobacco habit is especially liable to promote this hardening of the arteries."

"As a matter of fact, I told a group of college students a short time ago that I could pick out the students who smoked simply by testing their arteries. I have proved my ability to do this on a number of occasions. Unfortunately, soda girls now are beginning to smoke also, and I recently tried out the girls in an office building and picked out a few who were smoking, simply by this test

of the arteries."—The Progressive Farmer.

You need a typewriter. The Remington Portable has all the advantages of any machine made. The cost is small. See the sample machine at the News office.

**READ THE ADS**

**Magnolia Petroleum Co.**  
 C. J. CASH, Agent  
 86 101  
 Day Phone Night Phone

**POLISH THAT OLD CAR**

We have just received a stock of genuine Ford body polish for auto bodies. The price is in keeping with all Ford products, and quality up to the standard.  
**Bentley Motor Company**

**THE BEST BAKED GOODS**

It is a matter of pride with us, as well as good business sense, to make our Baked Goods the best we know how. You will save time and money if you let us do all your baking.  
**McLEAN BAKERY**  
 Herman Lee, Manager

**A. A. LEDBETTER**  
 Attorney-at-Law  
 McLean, Texas

**BLOW OUTS!**

Why run a tire until it blows out? Often the time lost on the road and the trouble and inconvenience caused would pay for the new tire. Come in and let us show you our line of tires.  
**SNAPPY SERVICE STATION**  
 Eric Cubine, Manager

**Free Advertising**

Space is all a newspaper has to sell, yet every home town paper donates hundreds of dollars worth of space every year to the different community causes.

Take this issue of The News and you will find advertising donated to the Chamber of Commerce, the churches and other worthy objects, yet the editors pay the dues to the Chamber of Commerce that others pay, serve on committees and perform all the duties a good citizen should.

It has never been the policy of The News to charge for church announcements when written as news, and no distinction is ever made in this regard. When you fail to see anything about your church, it is because your pastor, or whoever is responsible, failed to furnish us with copy.

We have no way of knowing how much of this free advertising is appreciated. We sometimes think that if we charged our regular rate it might be appreciated more. Still, as long as we follow this idea, we want you to feel free to use our columns.

If you appreciate what The News is trying to do for the community, help us by seeing that your subscription is not allowed to lapse, and take occasion to mention the advantages of taking the home paper to your neighbor who is addicted to the borrowing habit. We can prove by hundreds of subscribers that The News is worth much more than the small subscription price, and you will be doing both your neighbor and The News a favor by calling attention of non-subscribers to what we are doing.

**The McLean News**

\$1.50 per Year

**THE McLEAN NEWS**  
Published Every Thursday

T. A. Landers Fred Landers  
**LANDERS & LANDERS**  
Editors and Owners

Entered as second class mail matter May 8, 1906, at the post office at McLean, Texas, under act of Congress.

**Subscription Price**  
One Year.....\$1.50  
Six Months......75  
Three Months......40

Four issues make an advertising month. When five issues occur in the calendar month, extra charge will be made for the extra edition.

The man who is considered an expert away from home is usually an ordinary person at home.

The Chamber of Commerce banquet to be held next Thursday evening should be patronized by everyone who has the interest of the community at heart. The various speakers present will be interesting to hear and all proceeds will go toward seating the new chamber of commerce building.

The coming visit of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce officials can be made of much benefit to our community, if the folks will come out and listen to the addresses. The speakers will be men of wide experience and their talks will be instructive as well as entertaining.

Dr. Joiner, who is doing the preaching at the Methodist-Presbyterian revival, stated in his address Monday night that it is easy enough to understand that there are times when one could not be present at the mid-week prayer meeting, but it is difficult to understand how some church members can never be present. It is a sad commentary on human nature that many will neglect the cause they profess to love.

There is a well developed sentiment over this section that the day of the carnival is about over. There is no excuse for any community to allow things to take place that are a part of every carnival, when such things would not be allowed at all any other time or place. Gambling and other vice should look no better to us under the guise of a carnival than in any other form. Every town would do well to prohibit such things at all times.

The fact was stated at a recent city council meeting that there has been no petty thievery of any consequence in McLean since the street lighting system was put in, except when for some reason the lights were not burning. If the reverse of this is true—and it has been the experience here—it is about time to take out theft insurance. If we had had a night watchman on duty some of the nights this week when there were no street lights, he would have had to hunt his time clock with a pocket flashlight. Leaving our streets dark is poor economy at any time.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Johnston and children, Elton, Margaret and Shirley, returned Monday from a visit with relatives at Altus, Okla. Dale Alston, who had been visiting them, returned to his home at Tipton, Okla., with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Delph Burrows and children, who have just returned from California, are visiting in the Jas Burrows home.

Miss Oma Johnson returned to her home at Floydada Wednesday. She was accompanied by Miss Sallie Campbell.

Mrs. Alva Alexander and little daughter, Sallie Jo, of Ardmore, Okla., came in Tuesday to visit her mother, Mrs. T. W. Henry.

Miss Thelma Massay of Greenville came in Tuesday to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Massay.

Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. ftc

C. C. Cobb and family of Dickens City visited his brother, S. A. Cobb, this week. Mr. Cobb is an old newspaper man and has been county clerk and postmaster at Dickens City for a number of years.

Miss Nona Cousins came in from White Deer this week.

**NOTHING LIKE IT**



The Guide—Behold, Signor! The famous Bridge of Sighs!  
Mr. Eaglebird—Bridge of small size! You ought to see our Brooklyn bridge for size.

**JUST THE THING**



Jackdaw—How fortunate I was in finding this diamond ring—no more electric light bills to pay!

**AT THE BIER**



"You say he was no believer in signs?"  
"Couldn't have been—drove full tilt right by one marked 'Danger—Slow Up.'"

**NOT THE SAME**



Hubby—You used to like to have me kiss you.  
Wifey—But your kisses are not up to samples furnished them.

**BEATS ONLY THE DRUM**



She—What a boaster that musician!  
He—He beats everything!  
She—He's a boaster all right, but as a matter of fact, he beats only the drum.

**A REAL TOUCH**



"The waiter's solicitude for you is unusual."  
"Yes—truly touching."

**LIGHT ENOUGH**



"How could you two see where you were going in the dark?"  
"My dear, Bob was fairly glowing with delight!"

**SLIGHTLY MIXED**



The Tourist—This farm is said to have the largest aptery in the state.  
His Wife—Let's go in and look at the ones I think monkeys are too cute for words.

**News from Ramsdell**

By Special Correspondent.  
H. Longan and Sam Harrelson made a business trip to McLean Wednesday.

L. C. Pharis returned Thursday from the Plains.  
Roy Powell returned Thursday from an extended trip in Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona.

Charlie Longan made a business trip to Mobeetie Friday.

Mrs. Young and sons, Howard and Ardell, of Ringgold came in this week to visit in the J. G. Davidson home.

A. W. Martin made a business trip to Shamrock Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lankford and children were Shamrock visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Grogan and son, Hugh, made a business trip to McLean Saturday.

Howard and Ardell Young of Ringgold, Lloyd, Floyd and Miss Lena Davidson were Shamrock visitors Saturday.

W. T. McCann made a business trip to Shamrock Saturday.

Misses Mary and Maybelle Grogan visited in the E. Exum home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Clem and little daughter, Lorraine, were Shamrock visitors Saturday.

Roy and Claude Powell made a business trip to McLean Saturday.

H. Longan made a business trip to Shamrock Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Dubs and children and Miss Nina Arnold of Clarendon were visitors in the W. A. Lankford home Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Pierce and children of Texola, Okla., visited in the Jess Grogan home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Pharis visited in the H. Longan home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Dameron and children of Texola, Okla., visited in the Jess Grogan home Sunday.

Little Misses Letha Mae and Mildred Pharis visited in the Perry Shipman home Sunday.

Mrs. W. E. Freeman and little daughter, Willie Lee, spent Monday with Mrs. H. Longan.

H. Longan made a business trip to Shamrock Monday.

Mrs. W. E. Freeman and little daughter visited Mrs. J. N. Phillips Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Harrelson and children, Miss Eunice Fulcher, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Anderson and baby, Mrs. E. E. Franks and son, Jeff, and Miss Velma Bradley were guests in the H. Longan home Tuesday night.

Mrs. W. E. Freeman and little daughter visited in the W. N. Pharis home Wednesday.

H. Longan made a business trip to McLean Wednesday.

Miss Ruby Cook attended theandle Pen-Women's meeting at McLean this week.

Mrs. Oscar Cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Cousins of Amarillo attended the Cousins birthday dinner Tuesday.

Charles Cousins of Amarillo visited home folks here Tuesday.

**ECZEMA!**  
Money back without question if HUNT'S GUARANTEED SKIN DISEASE REMEDIES (Hunt's Salve and Soap) fail in the treatment of Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter or other irritating skin diseases. Try this treatment at our risk.

Shell's Pharmacy

W. Sherman White  
Attorney-at-Law  
McLean Texas

Louisiana State Life Insurance Company  
announces a complete personal protection policy. It will pay you to investigate it.  
Also see me for fire and tornado insurance.

C. C. BOGAN  
Agent

**AT THE BAPTIST CHURCH**

W. C. Garrett, Pastor  
The pastor has returned from the Baptist encampment at Ceta Canyon, and will give a brief report of the encampment at the morning service Sunday. Other services as usual. You are invited to worship with us.

**MEDICINE'S NEW DAY**

Medical doctors of Texas have decided to advertise, not as individuals, but as a group. This extraordinary development bears the authorization of the State Medical Association, and the copy is to be dignified statements intended to bring a new day to the public.

Another proposal urged is that material of an educational nature concerning common diseases be submitted to local newspapers for the public good.

Medicine has been a mystery to the average man through history. From mystery has come hocus-focus, fraud, exploitation of the afflicted, misery intensified. It is a day to celebrate when legitimate medicine has come frankly before the people, discarding all the old veils that concealed so much deception, both within the ranks of allopathy and rival to it. The

public is most certain to appreciate this innovation, instituted in Texas and certain to spread. If it separates the goats from the sheep and the angels should sing, if it tends to bring medicine into the intelligent rather than the blind service of average men and women and their children, therapeutic science will have made an incalculable advance. In this movement to advertise legitimate medical men, journalism, not for selfish ends but from the highest public motives, should lend its best promotion talents.—Editor-Publisher

Mrs. U. Freeman of Mineral Wells is here visiting her sister, Mrs. M. D. Bentley.

Grandma Rogers of Heald is spending the week in town and attending the meeting.

**SURE FIRE**

To get the best results from your motor, the gasoline must be sure fire and full of "pep." TEXHOMA gas will give you the maximum mileage. We sell it.

STAR FILLING STATION  
"Headquarters for Service"  
L. L. ROGERS, Prop.  
Phone 131

**INSURE TODAY!**

Don't put off insuring your life until death overtakes you. No one has a lease on life. NOW is the time to INSURE.

**EUNICE FLOYD**  
Life Insurance

**DR. J. A. HALL**

Dentist  
Of Shamrock, Tex.  
Will be in McLean on Thursday and Friday after the first Monday in each month.

**TWENTY-FOUR HOURS**

after writing your policy on cotton is in full force if cotton has been up to a stand for thirty days.

Quick Adjustments  
Call

Harold C. Rippy  
At Citizens State Bank

**SPEED BROS.**

General Contractors and Builders  
Sidewalks, Paving, Stucco  
CLARENDON AND McLEAN TEXAS

**Louisiana State Life Insurance Company**

announces a complete personal protection policy. It will pay you to investigate it.  
Also see me for fire and tornado insurance.

C. C. BOGAN  
Agent

public is most certain to appreciate this innovation, instituted in Texas and certain to spread. If it separates the goats from the sheep and the angels should sing, if it tends to bring medicine into the intelligent rather than the blind service of average men and women and their children, therapeutic science will have made an incalculable advance. In this movement to advertise legitimate medical men, journalism, not for selfish ends but from the highest public motives, should lend its best promotion talents.—Editor-Publisher

Miss Lois Clement is visiting friends at Clarendon this week.

Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Sitter of Lamesa are visiting his father, Willison Sitter.

Mail order printing  
and mail order  
merchandise go  
hand in hand. Invest  
your printing  
money in McLean.

**SHOE REPAIRING**

Our shoe repair department is now prepared to handle your job while you wait. All work done by expert workmen on modern machines and is guaranteed to please you. Give us a trial.

John Mertel

**Phone 50**

for

**GROCERIES**

Your order will receive the same prompt attention that you get in person—and it will save you the time and trouble of coming to our store.

You will like our delivery service.

**Bundy-Hodges Mercantile Co.**

Phone Fifty

**It Is Economy**

**Lumber**

Good lumber lasts longer, makes a better looking building and more than saves the difference in cost over poor lumber in the less labor required to use it. Let us figure on your lumber bill.

**Cicero Smith Lbr. Co.**

W. T. WILSON, Manager

**A Home of Your Own**

One of the first and most important steps toward owning a home is to start a bank account with this bank. Make regular deposits to the Home Fund and it will surprise you how quickly you can own a home.

**The Citizens State Bank**

A Guaranty Fund Bank  
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$32,750.00  
J. S. MORSE, President C. C. BOGAN, Cashier

**MEDICAL PROFESSION NEEDS MORE PUBLICITY**

(From address of Joe E. Diddy, D. D., before House of Delegates, Texas State Medical Association.)

Most everything that is printed about our business is uncomplimentary and misleading. We cannot blame the press. The only thing that most editors know about us is that we fuss about nearly everything medical they print. The editor cannot help but think that a doctor is against his avocation in life; then why should he bother himself to protect one who neither patronizes nor approves of medicine? In the past we have not covered any kind of publicity, general or professional. Some medical societies have even paid the local papers, thus depriving the newspaper of valuable patronage. One doctor was called before the censors of his county medical society because the local paper mentioned his name in connection with his mother-in-law, who was dead. This was nothing but bone-deep prejudice; it was not even true, because it was not a funeral notice.

I hope no one will understand me as advocating any kind of personal advertisement of superiority. That would be quackery and distasteful; but I do plead for change in our attitude on professional publicity. I wish I had the ability to convey to you my estimation of the power and influence of the press.

Some ten or eleven years ago, when the war clouds gathered on the horizon of all civilization, tried-tongued flashes of cannon crossed the seas, and we awoke in America, in 1917, bewildered at an impending disaster. War was inevitable. The great American press quailed all the slacker blood out of wealth and industry; every enterprise and every human being was directly influenced into a fighting mood. In three weeks we were changed from a peace-loving country into an angry mob, clamoring for battle and for blood. A grand and glorious manifestation of American patriotism! And it was the press that so suddenly startled the psychology of war. But when the monster was in arms and our loved ones who had traveled came home, we thought the press was through. But the unknown Dead Soldier was yet to come home. The newspapers told all about it, how he gave his all to save the world for democracy. Our war-like attitude changed overnight to pathos and hero worship. The Goddess of Liberty held even higher the beacon light of welcome. Orators and statesmen eulogized the hero private who died in Flanders Field. There were tons of flowers, and a million eyes wet with tears. Poets sang songs of praise, and artists painted pictures of angelic ascensions into Eternal Day. It was a nation's heart throbbing with gratitude for an unselfish service rendered.

What great power was this which, like some God, influenced a strong nation like ours to beat its bosoms into words, and turned its automobile factories over night into munition plants? What power was this which made us fight the biggest unchained devils alive? And when we had licked them and almost forgotten it, what same power led us back in a more humble mood to bow our proud and mighty heads and weep at the grave of an unknown private soldier, who probably died on purpose to avoid being eaten up any more by top-sergeants and "shave-hulls"?

The Great American press, the newspapers and periodicals, mould public opinion, swaying the multitudes as the zephyrs bend the ripening grain.

Some years ago the president of one of the world's greatest railroads ordered a newspaper reporter out of his private car, with the remark, "Let the public be damned." It is interesting to note that, today, that same railroad maintains a most efficient publicity and advertising department, whose slogan is, "Let the Public Be Informed." Thus the times have changed. There is nothing so big that it does not need favorable publicity. The Steel Trust, the Pacific Star Lines, the Southern Pacific Railroad, or Henry Ford—these, with all their advantages, cannot afford to ignore publicity, for fear of retrograding.

Generations ago, England recognized three great powerful estates, the Lords Spiritual, the Lords Temporal and the Commons; but the Lord Bute brought into the world another power when he

pointed to the Reporters' Gallery in the British Parliament, and said, "There was a fourth estate, far more important than them all." Today, who doubts Burke's estimate, or the awakened consciousness knows that the press is an ever-growing, powerful influence.

The religious press, and the liberal space granted in the lay press to those inclined to use it for religious purposes, has made the church popular, an infidel a curiosity, the Christian home the rule—and the people in my town call my preacher "Doctor," and call me "Doc."

The doctors of this Association should counteract the persistent criticism of nostrum vendors, quacks fakes and pseudo-medical cults, if we have to pay a dollar an inch for the space. Two inches of the truth each day for a week will move any quack; one inch of facts would increase the patronage of a worthy profession.

I wrote to the editor of a newspaper and asked him to express his opinion of the attitude of the medical profession toward publicity. I will read you a few lines of what he said in reply:

"As we of the press view the situation, the physicians are deliberately refusing to avail themselves of one of the most powerful weapons of defense against quackery, as well as refusing one of the most powerful allies of legitimate medical practice. The newspapers do not complain merely because they are denied the revenue that could come to them from advertising by physicians, but for the more important reason that the medical profession is throwing upon the press the burden of leading in the education of the people for their own protection, whereas this, and should be, the function of the medical men themselves."

I read an editorial in a daily journal on this same subject, where the editor has to say, "The medical profession needs to throw aside the shell that has been handicapping it for so many years, the shell of so-called ethics that keeps it from telling the people, through all the means of publicity at its command, just how to save their own lives by preventing disease, and by securing treatment for disease before it reaches incurable stages. The great profession that is serving humanity so nobly must be utterly unselfish with its knowledge of disease. It must go into the newspapers and magazines and every other place offering facilities for publicity, and tell the people about disease and disease prevention. Until it does this, it cannot escape a large share of the responsibility for the loss of thousands of lives by preventable diseases each year, for the medical profession is the only one that can stop such loss."

Buy your boy or girl a Remington Portable for use in their school work. It has all the advantages of the large machines, standard keyboard, no shifting for figures. The price is small and you can buy them on monthly payments. Come to the News office and let us demonstrate.

**THE PEDDLER**

It doesn't make any difference what the peddler has to sell, it is the sales talk that he expects to make the deal, not the quality of the goods. This is in direct contrast to the home merchant, who must stand back of every article sold. The home merchant cannot afford to sell anything that does not give satisfaction for every dollar paid for it, while the man who is here today and gone tomorrow is interested only in getting the money.—McLean News.

The above reminds us of an incident of only a few days ago, in which a highly respected local citizen was caught by a cut-all remedy that a street vendor was peddling. The smooth tongue of this street pedler so described this old gentleman's ailments and so highly recommended his dope for that particular ailment that a purchase was made, but the dope was found, as usual, to have no virtue whatever. Our city council has recently passed an ordinance to prohibit street vendors, which we deem the wisest piece of legislation they have given us.—Terry County Herald.

**GIRLS, GET PLUMP**

C. F. Bertelli, Paris correspondent for Universal Service, comes to the United States with the news that slender young ladies are trying to put on a little weight, because plump girls look best in the new style bathing suits at Deauville and other fashionable beaches.

But Mr. Bertelli says in the same story that thin women look best in the season's evening gowns. So what is a girl to do? Must she choose between the beach and the ballroom? Girls, if they work at it hard enough, can be either plump or thin. But they can't be both the same day.

Maybe some day women of all shapes and sizes—so long as they are not altogether out of proportion—can appear fashionable, and then they can make their dresses to fit their figures instead of having to make their figures fit the dresses.—Fort Worth Record.

Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement. etc

E. B. Hedrick, Alanreed banker, was a visitor at The News office Monday. Mr. Hedrick renewed his subscription to The News and gave us a nice order for stationery.

T. A. Landers and family visited relatives in Clarendon Saturday.

**SHORT ORDERS**

Waffles, hamburgers, pies, roasts, stews, soups, steaks, "ham and eggs"—in fact we cook anything you want, the way you like it.

**J. A. MEADOR**

**SHE FAINTED**

Deacon Miller was going to Chicago on business, and while there was to purchase a new sign which was to be hung up in front of the church advertising a new religious movement. He copied the motto and dimensions of the sign, but went to Chicago and left the paper in his coat at home. When he discovered that he had left the paper at home, he wired his wife: "Send motto and dimensions." An hour later a message came over the wire and the young lady clerk who knew nothing of the previous wire, fainted. When they looked at the message she had just taken they read: "Unto us a child is born, six feet long and two feet wide."

**CROSS-WORD CONVERSATION**

It is claimed that the cross-word craze will improve our vocabularies. "The Cross-Word Puzzle Book, Third Series," goes so far as to give a sample conversation between two addicts, as follows:

Mrs. W.—"By the way, didn't I hear that your little Junior met with an accident?"

Mrs. F.—"Yes. The little oaf fell from an ape and fractured his artus."

Mrs. W.—"Egad!"

Mrs. F.—"And to make matters worse, Dr. Bloop botched it so we had to trek into town for a specialist."

Mrs. W.—"The zany!"

Mrs. F.—"Joe's ire was so aroused that he told Dr. Bloop right to his visage that he was a dolt and an ort."

**NOT IMPOSING**

Mrs. A. was giving instructions to her colored maid.

"If Mr. G. calls," she said, "a very tall, thin gentleman—"

"Oh, yes'm!" interrupted the maid, "I know. You mean dat one one what looks so few."

Mrs. R. L. Grigsby, Misses Wilma Grigsby and Velma Horton were Clarendon visitors Saturday.

D. L. Hall, Alanreed farmer, was in Clarendon Saturday.

**TOO TRUSTING**

After affecting an entrance into the bank, the burglar found his way to the strong room. When the light from his lantern fell on the door he saw the sign:

"Save your dynamite. The safe is not locked. Turn the knob and open."

For a moment he ruminated. "Anyhow, there's no harm in trying it, if it really is open." He grasped the knob and turned it. Instantly the office was flooded with light, an alarm bell rang loudly, an electric shock rendered him helpless, while a panel in the wall opened and out rushed a bulldog which seized him.

An hour later, when the cell door closed on him, he sighed: "I know what's wrong with me. I'm too trusting. I have too much faith in human nature."

Olen Davis went to Clarendon Saturday.

**PLAYING SAFE**

"Why are you lugging home that expensive box of candy?"

"My wife kissed me this morning, so I think it must be her birthday or our wedding anniversary."


**Best and Quickest Service**

That's what we provide our patrons. Expert workmanship, neat, quick and sanitary. Let us demonstrate.

**Elite Barber Shop**

Everett & West, Props.

**Sunburn Time is Here**



You can laugh in the face of the sun if your skin is protected with

**NYAL FACE CREAM**

WITH PEROXIDE

The Quality Cosmetic The Wise Woman's Beauty Ally

Apply Nyal Face Cream before going out, and you are safe from the blistering and burning of sun or wind. If you neglect the precaution, apply Nyal Face Cream when you get home; it is remedial as well as preventive.

Unexcelled as a Beautifier.

**Classy-fies Any Complexion**

**Erwin Drug Co.**

REXALL AND NYAL REMEDIES  
McLean, Texas

**Honest Groceries**

Honest Quality—Honest Prices—Genuine Courtesy and Real Service

We're not trying to get rich quick or take advantage of any temporary conditions in order to boost prices. Our customers get the best we have at a price that permits us only a small, honest profit. We're endeavoring to do our share to reduce the high cost of living.

If you live in town, our stock is just as near as your telephone, and you will like our free delivery service. Phone 23 and let us demonstrate.

**McLean Supply Company**  
Chas. Lester, Mgr.



**We Will Close**

Until further notice we will close our doors at 8 o'clock every Sunday morning. Kindly see that your meat orders are in by that hour each Sunday.

**THE CITY MARKET**

**A Superior Car**

Body made by Fisher. Duco finish. The approved finish on many cars of much higher price. Modern dry-plate clutch which assures smooth easy starting. Fully equipped and ready for the road. That describes the new Chevrolet. Let us demonstrate.

It is easy to pay for a Chevrolet.

**Smith Bros. Chevrolet**

**A PATHETIC STORY FROM REAL LIFE**

All funerals, of course, are more or less tragic, but there was a funeral not many miles from Hill-top Farm the other day that had about it an especially poignant and almost heartbreaking degree of tragedy. The story is well worth telling as a warning to all other farmers, no matter whether young or old.

It was the funeral of an old man, once one of the wealthiest and most prominent farmers of the county, a good man who had once expected to leave his 1,100-acre farm to his church, who, losing all his wealth, was finally buried in a home-made coffin on the day that a room had been made ready for him at the county poorhouse. I shall let a friend tell the rest of the story:

"The old man was well along in his eighties, and died just in time to escape going to the county home, although a few years before he had been considered wealthy and had probably been worth \$75,000 or \$80,000. All his life he had worked hard, denied himself, and saved money little by little, handling his savings carefully, because he knew how much each dollar had cost in actual labor. In the prosperous day following the World War, however, when everybody seemed to be making money easily, he fell a victim to the ambition to 'get rich quick' and glib, smooth-talking stock salesmen found it easy to persuade him that he could quickly make a fortune by buying stock in oil companies, shipping companies, and development companies, and companies making automobile tires. He gave notes covering everything he owned to put money in these worthless stocks. The salesmen took his notes and no trouble discounting them at banks where he was known to be a man of considerable property, took the cash and vanished. When the notes came due, everything he possessed had to be sold to meet them, not even a homestead being saved for him. The broken old man finally applied for admission to the county home, but just as this was granted, he died."

And, of course, none of the slick-tongued scoundrels who are now probably riding around in fine clothes and fine automobiles paid for by the money of which they had robbed the old man—none of these sent a flower to his grave or lifted a finger to save him from the poorhouse.

**HE MARRIED ONE**

Jim—"Ever see one of those machines that can tell when a person is lying?"

J. B.—"Seen one? Lord! I married one!"

Mrs. D. M. Graham has our thanks for a subscription to The News.

Mrs. Mary Clerk of Ferrin is visiting her daughter, Mrs. M. D. Bentley, this week.

Groceries are cheaper at Puckett's Cash Store. Advertisement, etc.

**FOR HIM WHO FOLLOWS**

An old man going a lone highway, Came at evening, cold and gray. To a chasm vast, and deep, and wide.

The old man crossed in the twilight dim;

The sullen stream had no fear for him;

But he turned, when safe on the other side,

And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,

"You are wasting your strength with building here;

You never again will pass this way;

You've crossed the chasm deep and wide,

Why build you this bridge at evening tide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head,

Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,

"There followeth after me today A youth whose feet must pass this way.

This chasm, that has been as naught to me,

To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;

He too, must cross in the twilight dim.

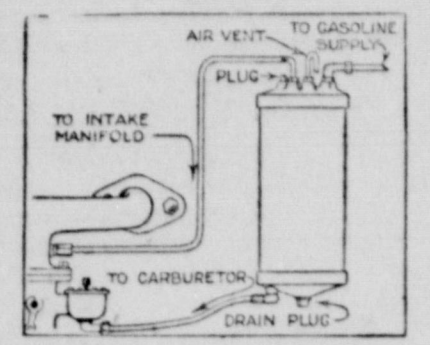
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him."

—Author Unknown.

**THE "VAC" IN THE VACUUM SYSTEM**

One of the modern and least understood parts of the car is the vacuum system. The average owner knows nothing about its interior or how it works.

The pipe running down the left of the tank goes direct to the intake manifold (when the vacuum tank is attached to the dash) the pipe to the right directly to the main tank. This draws the gasoline from the main tank, usually situated at the rear of the car, to the vacuum tank. The pipe at the bottom of the tank feeds the gasoline to the carburetor.



Internal repairs to the various parts of the vacuum tank are not often necessary. When the tank is suspected of causing any trouble the fuel must be drawn from it. If more than one-sixth of a quart comes out the tank is performing its functions properly.

If the engine is run at a low speed with the throttle open for a long time, the vacuum may be reduced so fast that the tank will empty itself. This condition may be produced by foreign matter choking the feed tube from the main to the vacuum tank. Running the engine with closed throttle for a few minutes will give suction enough to fill the tank.

In case the float valve sticks, causing an overflow of gasoline from the tank, the inner shell can be removed by taking out eight screws in the top. The tank may be filled with fuel and used as an ordinary gravity system, so that the driver can get to the nearest garage.

If the vacuum tank ever becomes empty, it may be filled by closing the throttle and turning the engine over a few times. If the tank has been empty for some time and refuses to fill easily, there is probably some dirt or grit under the flapper valve. In this case squirt a little gasoline into the tank through the plug in its top, which is easily removed.

To save yourself possible trouble with the vacuum tank through neglect it is a good plan to remove the plug at the top and flush it out about once every three months, at the same time drawing off any sediment or water that may have collected at the bottom of the tank by opening the petcock at the bottom.

Even then the vacuum tank will sometimes fail to work properly, and if the tank should happen to refuse to function there is still a way to get home, even though you cannot find the trouble. Remove the entire top of the vacuum tank, buy a can of gasoline and use it to fill the vacuum tank. Then run the car on this supply. When it is exhausted refill it again, and so on.

**McLean Filling Station**  
Oils, Gas and Accessories  
Sudden Service  
Magnolene Ford Oil will make your Ford run better.  
Floyd Phillips, Mgr.

**BLACKSMITHING**  
We are prepared to do your blacksmith, wagon and wood-work promptly, at reasonable prices.  
Give us a trial.  
McLEAN BLACKSMITH SHOP  
CHAS. EUDY, Prop.

**V. H. Moore**  
**Auctioneer**  
Wheeler, Texas  
Dates made at News office or call me collect.

**DOCTOR URGES ADVERTISING**

Denver, Colo.—Physicians and surgeons should pool funds and buy co-operative advertising space in the newspapers of their locality, Dr. H. St. John of Concordia, Kans., declared in an address before the annual meeting of the Santa Fe Medical and Surgical Society here recently.

**CRITICISM**

Two men in London were discussing a certain novelist.

"She's a wonderful writer," said one.

"Yes," replied the other, "the mystery to me is where she gets her marvelous lack of knowledge of life."—Boston Transcript.

**HIS BEAUTIFUL HAIR**

A gushing young thing in a neighboring town writes a girl friend as follows: "Now, dearie, I must tell you the big news. I am to be married in the spring to the darriest fellow, regular sheik. I don't know what he does for a living, but, oh, Kid, he has the most beautiful hair!"

**A CHILD SPEAKS**

I think grown ups are awfully mean, don't you?

They know so many things I wish I knew!

But when I ask 'em, they just laugh and say:

"Such questions, child! Now run away and play!"

I only ask 'em why the sky is blue

And why the grass is green—and if it's true

The little clouds up there, all soft and pink,

Are angels dressed for parties, as I think!

And jus' how many stars are in the skies,

And if they really are God's fire-flies!

Or are they little peepholes in the blue

To let God and the angels all look through?

And I'm so interested in polywogs,

How is it that they ever turn to frogs?

And does a worm just hate to be a worm—

Is that what makes 'em all twist

so, and squirm?

And why it is fishes don't catch cold?

And what is that makes goldfishes gold?

And where do dreams come from? I'd love to know,

And when I wake up, where is it they go?

And lots of other things—I can't think now

Just what—that makes me wonder why and how;

But when I ask the grown ups, they say: "W-e-l-l,

I can't just say, dear!"—and they never tell.

—New York Times.

**MONEY COST OF THE TOBACCO HABIT**

Many years ago, when I was just a boy growing up on a Southern farm, an old uncle of mine brought out the money side of the matter in a way that I have never forgotten. He was a great smoker, and in the family circle one day somebody suggested that he figure out about how much money he had spent for tobacco. I do not recollect the exact figures, but I know it astonished him and all the rest of us to see how much he would have had if he had saved it all and put it up at interest—I think about \$5,000. An old man reared near where I was gave an experience some time ago that is pertinent in this connection. He said:

"Forty-three years ago I quit using tobacco in any form. It had cost me a little over \$24 a year. At the end of the first year I put in the bank \$24, taking a certificate at 4%. At the end of each year I put in the bank \$24 together with interest. At the end of seventeen years the interest was \$24. At the end of twenty-eight years my certificate drew \$49. At the expiration of forty-two years it drew \$102. Total \$2,690. I am using this in the

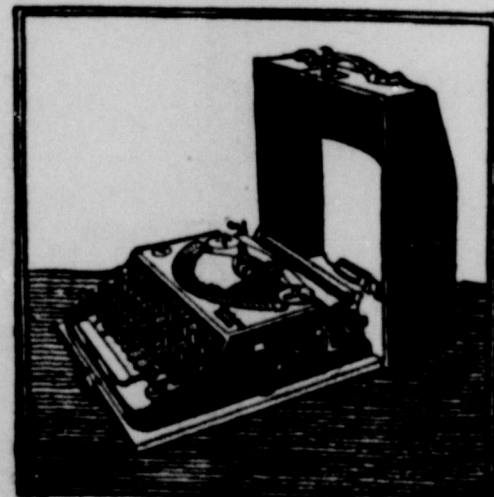
**Shell's Pharmacy**  
SHELL'S PHARMACY  
The wonderful healing power of Shell's Jackman Oil gives instant relief to all kinds of aches, pains, rheumatism, sprains, strains, and all other ailments. It is the most powerful and effective of all remedies.

**Auto Repairing**

We can save you money on your repair work. Our mechanics know how to locate trouble and fix it in the shortest possible time.

**GRIGSBY'S AUTO SHOP**  
"A Square Deal Always"

**Remington Portable**



**Take any user's advice**

Anyone who uses a Remington Portable will tell you how indispensable it is.

It makes writing swifter—likewise easier. And—without any reflection on your penmanship—it makes reading easier.

Compact—fits in a case only four inches high. Easy to pick up and carry around, or tuck away in a desk drawer.

Convenient—can be used anywhere—on your lap, if you wish.

Complete—with four-row keyboard, like the big machines, and other "big machine" conveniences.

Price, complete with case, \$60. Easy payment terms if desired.

THE McLEAN NEWS

education of my children. Am now sending the sixth one to college." In other words, when he as a young man was spending \$24 a year on tobacco, he was spending not merely the \$24, but he was spending something else. He was spending the possibility of getting all the later interest on this amount, the interest alone on his tobacco money now amounting to over \$100 a year.—Clarence Poe, in The Progressive Farmer.

**Texhoma Oil & Refining Co.**  
For Value and Service Use  
**TEXHOMA PRODUCTS**  
Amalie Motor Oils 100 percent Pure Pennsylvania.  
**L. L. ROGERS**  
Agent  
Phone 131 McLean, Texas

**LIFE INSURANCE FARM AND RANCH LOANS LANDS FOR SALE**  
Improved farms or unimproved raw land suitable for farm or stock-farm purposes. Reasonably priced with attractive terms.  
**O. G. STOKELY** McLean, Texas



**Canning Time**  
Half the success in putting up preserves and vegetables depends upon having the right kind of canning utensils. Our canning supplies, just like everything else we handle, are guaranteed.  
**McLean Hdw. Co.**  
W. B. Upham, Manager

**Your Vacation Trip**  
Do you have the necessary money to take a real vacation this year? If you do not, you had better start a vacation account at this bank, add to it each pay day, and when the warm days come next year you can enjoy a vacation without financial embarrassment.  
Start a bank account today, then when an opportunity comes your way you will have the necessary money to take advantage of it.  
**The American National Bank**  
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

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